

## MANY THINK!

when the Creator said to woman, "In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children," that a curse was pronounced against the human race, but the joy felt by every Mother when she first presses to her heart her babe, proves the contrary.

Danger and suffering lurk in the pathway of the Expectant Mother, and should be avoided, that she may reach the hour when the hope of her heart is to be realized, in full vigor and strength.

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so relaxes the system and assists Nature, that the necessary change takes place without Nausea, Headache, Nervous or Gloomy Foreboding of danger, and the trying hour is robbed of its pain and suffering, as so many happy mothers have experienced. Nothing but "Mother's Friend" does this. Don't be deceived or persuaded to use anything else.

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## DO YOU?

## HAD NO FAITH IN PHYSIC.

Queen Elizabeth Might Have Lived Longer Had She Taken Medicine.

Of the efficacy of physic Queen Elizabeth had always been skeptical. Now, 10 or 12 physicians came to the palace, each promising, "with all manner of asseveration," "her perfect and easy recovery" if she would follow a simple course of treatment. But they spoke in vain. Nor could the protests of councilors, divines and waiting women induce her to accept medical assistance. Her melancholy was "settled and irremovable," and she had no wish to prolong it by lengthening out her life. She only broke silence to murmur, "I am not sick, I feel no pain and yet I pine away." She was asked whether she had any secret cause of grief. She replied that she knew of nothing in the world worthy of troubling her. At length by force (it is said) she was lifted from the cushions and put to bed. Her condition underwent no change. Gradually those about her realized that "she might live if she would use means," but that she would not be persuaded, and princes, as they tearfully acknowledged, cannot be coerced. Nevertheless, until the third week they looked forward to a renewal of her old vivacity and the dispersal of her lethargy. But during the week it was perceived that the ground she had lost could only be recovered by miracle.

On Wednesday, March 23, her councilors entered her bedchamber to receive her last instructions. She had none to give. The archbishop and bishops offered up prayer at her bedside and she derived some comfort from their ministrations. In the evening she sank into a quiet sleep, such as she had sought without avail for nearly a month. She never woke again. "About 3 o'clock in the morning of March 24 she departed this life, mildly like a lamb, easily like a ripe apple from the tree." When she was examined after death, her physicians reported that "she had a body of firm and perfect constitution, likely to have lived many years." Death was, in fact, prepared to the last to bargain with her for a few more years of life, but his terms implied an enfeeblement of those faculties on whose unrestricted exercise her queenly fame seemed to her to depend. By refusing to be party to the truce she invited her overthrow, but she never acknowledged herself vanquished. She made no will, she bestowed no gift on any of the faithful attendants who wept beside her deathbed, and she declined to guide her council in the choice of a successor.—Cornhill Magazine.

## A PLACE FOR FIFTY.

A Statesman Who Found a Use For the Earnings of His Pen.

"I recall a pleasant incident in the life of the late Representative Harter of Ohio," said an Ohio man the other day. "I was at his apartments one evening at the hotel where he lived during his first term in congress and was in the reception room with several friends while he was working in his office at the far end of the suit of rooms. Presently he came out among us laughing and holding in his hand a check.

"Oh," he said to us, "I am literary, as well as you are, and here's a check for \$50 I have just got from a magazine for an article that I wasn't expecting to get anything for."

"I told him I was not that literary, for I couldn't sell one article for \$50, and we laughed and chatted awhile about it, Mr. Harter insisting that he wasn't a writer for money, but for the sake of presenting his views to the world.

"I don't know what to do with the check," he said and turned to his wife. "Do you need it?" he asked her.

"She told him she did not, though most women would have had use for it quick enough, and he stood irresolute for a moment with the check in his hand, then he smiled radiantly.

"I know somebody who does want it," he said, nodding at his wife as if she never would see it again. "I received a letter from the pastor of a little Lutheran church—Mr. H. was a zealous Lutheran—away out in Missouri, who is having a very hard time to get along and keep body and soul together, asking me if I couldn't do something. I can send him this check." And he danced away with it as joyously as a schoolboy with a plaything, and in a minute or two the check, duly indorsed and accompanied by a letter, was waiting for the postman to start it on its mission of charity, and I have often wondered what the business manager of that magazine thought when he found that check to the order of M. D. Harter coming back to New York from a little country bank in Missouri."—Washington Star.

## Gay Wall Papers.

The shops of the decorators show a decided return to gay effects in wall papers and seem to indicate that the reign of negative backgrounds for rooms is seriously interfered with if not finished. A yellow figured paper, that is almost an orange tint, hangs next to one of deep red, which, in its turn, gives place to a rich and vivifying green. These are, any of them, to be used fashionably with white woodwork.

## Worked Both Ways.

"It must have cost you a great deal to provide all these comforts for your employees," said the friend who had been looking through the reading rooms and gymnasium attached to the factory. "It does cost a little," admitted the manager, "but, you see, we pay 'em such low wages that the factory is really a better place than home. That makes 'em contented to stay."—Exchange.

A miner in Staffordshire recently discovered a petrified arm imbedded in the solid stone or ore. The peculiarity of the arm lies in the fact that the elbow joint can be made to move to and fro as though it consisted of flesh and blood.

The national flower of England is the rose, of France the lily, of Scotland the thistle and of Ireland the shamrock.

## AN ANCIENT MEXICAN CITY.

A Curious Legend—Some Relics of Emperor Maximilian.

Queretaro was a town before the Spanish conquest and was made a city in 1655. A legend of Queretaro is that an Otomite chief, Fernando de Tapia by name, undertook to convert the city to Christianity in a way that seems novel to us, but was common enough to his day. He came from Tula with a challenge to the people of Queretaro to a fair stand up fight. If he won, the people surviving were to be baptized. The challenge was accepted, but while the fight was in progress a dark cloud came up and the blessed Santiago was seen in the heavens with a fiery cross, whereupon the people of Queretaro gave up and were baptized. They set up a stone cross to commemorate the event on the site of the present church of Santa Cruz. There is scarcely a church in Mexico which has not a legend of this kind attached to it. The town is identified with the history of Mexico.

Here the treaty of peace between the United States and Mexico was ratified in 1848, and here Maximilian made his last stand in 1867, was obliged to surrender and was shot. Everybody is interested in Maximilian mainly on account of poor Carlotta. Maximilian was executed on the Cerro de las Campanas and with him Generals Miramón and Mejía. The place is marked by three little crosses of stone. The two generals were killed at the first volley, but Maximilian, who had requested that he be shot through the body that his mother might look upon his face, was only wounded, and a second firing was required to kill him.

The emperor had been led to believe that Carlotta was dead. She became insane from grief and was kept in an asylum for many years, but she still lives and still mourns for her dead husband and the loss of her throne. The United States government protested against the execution of Maximilian, but in vain, Juarez refusing to spare him.

There are all kinds of relics of Maximilian in Mexico—the Yturbe theater, where he was tried and condemned, the table on which the death warrant was signed, the wooden stools on which the prisoners sat during the trial and the coffin of Maximilian, whose remains were subsequently sent to Austria and buried at Miramar. I confess I do not share in any sentiment of pity for Maximilian, who was an adventurer without a shadow of right in Mexico and took the chances of war. He was, it is true, a victim of Napoleon and of his own ambition and was very scurvily treated by those who had induced him to set up his throne in Mexico, but to have released him would have been to establish a claimant for the Mexican throne. It was better that this man should die than that thousands should be sacrificed in the wars he would surely have fomented if he had been allowed to live.—Philadelphia Ledger

## WAGES IN CHINA.

In Spite of Their Lowness the Celestials Wax Fat.

How a Chinese workman manages to support his family and remain sleek and fat on the wages he receives is an everlasting mystery to the European and American. The Chinese are a people of marvelous economy. They will support a family, furnishing food, clothes, shelter, from a small garden which they call a farm, but which in America would not more than furnish an American family with early vegetables.

In cities the laboring men receive the merest pittance. In Canton, where laborers are better paid than in other parts of China, skilled workmen live on these wages: Shoemaker, \$4 per month; blacksmith, \$5 per month; fine ivory carver, \$12 per month; tailor, \$5 per month; fine embroiderer, \$4 per month; designer, \$6 per month; silversmith, \$8 per month.

The Chinese are superstitious, and the workmen support, in addition to their temples and pagodas and priests, which receive more in proportion than the churches of Europe and America, idol makers, geomancers, fortune tellers, physiognomists, soothsayers, astrologers and interpreters of dreams, who exist by thousands and coin all the money they want. Another thing which makes money for a certain class is the Chinese custom of burning great quantities of "spirit money," imitation coins, which are supposed to be legal tender for dead relatives. One city alone employs 100,000 people in making this cash for ghosts.

Peculiar superstitions embarrass the workman. For instance, carpenters and builders have to exercise great care in selecting a ridgepole for a house. It must have neither cracks nor knots, and in it a small hole must be made and filled with gold leaf and the whole beam painted red. This insures good luck for the owner of the house.

The tea trade employs thousands of persons. The laborers receive from \$2 to \$10 per month, according to their grade of work.—Chicago News.

## Fishy.

A man who resides on the east side relates an incident which may be true, but it sounds fishy.

His boy caught a large sucker a couple of years ago, and since that time he has been experimenting with his funny pet somewhat. The fish has been kept out of the water so much that it gradually became accustomed to it, and frequently popped out of the water itself and followed the boy around. Finally the boy placed it in a pen and gradually reduced its bathing periods until it became acclimated, abandoning entirely its native element. It would follow the boy around like a dog, and one day he started over to town across the swinging bridge with the pet fish flopping along after him. But alas for boyish hopes! The fish made a slight mis-cue and flopped overboard into the creek and drowned before the boy could rescue him.—Punkstutney Spirit.

## HERMITS OF GREECE.

RELIGIOUS RECLUS WHO LIVED IN HOLES IN THE CLIFFS.

They Depended Wholly Upon Charity For Their Sustenance and Remained Always In Their Aerial Caves—The Monastery of St. Stephens.

One of the most curious scenes on the Thessalian frontier is to be found at Kalibaki, some 50 miles by rail above Trikala. The town lies on a plain which is backed by the extraordinary rocks of Meteora, rising precipitously to a great height and commanding the marked attention of travelers. In places the cliffs ascend like a wall to a height of 2,000 feet. They are rough, free from verdure and disfigured by innumerable holes and caves all over their face.

It is these caves and remains of monkish dwellings in them that give the rocks of Meteora the strange, almost prehistoric appearance that has made them famous.

There are several monasteries at Kalibaki. The largest is St. Stephen's.

Unlike the other monasteries, this is reached by a drawbridge thrown across a yawning chasm. This is one of the largest of the monasteries of Meteora and has a guest chamber especially fitted up for visitors—that is to say, there are three iron beds in it, and it is only courteous to surmise that the wadded coverlet and single sheet that go to make up a Greek bed once were new. The hegumenos is most hospitable. He gives his visitors excellent monastic wine, a dinner of many weird courses and is himself very good company. As usual, there are two churches in this monastery, the smaller of the two possessing some very fair icons set in beautifully carved frames, and one very old picture, dated 387.

The large church consists of a nave, antechapel, with the body of the church under the dome, which is decorated with the usual half length figure of Christ. Here are seen some of the inlaid ivory and mother of pearl stools and lecterns which at one time were the staple work of the Meteora monks.

All the manuscripts of any value have been removed to Athens. A long building at the right of the bridge contains the cells of the monks, which open into a dark covered corridor. In time of war these monasteries are used as places of refuge.

Not the least curious feature of these unique rocks of Meteora are the holes and caves which literally pepper the face of the cliffs in places.

In many cases these retreats of the hermits of St. Anthony are merely cages. At a distance they look, some of them, like big birdcages hung up against the face of the cliff. As dwellings they are all exceedingly primitive.

The Thessalian hermit did not ask much of life. A rocky floor to lie on, bars or railings to keep him from falling out of his hole, a shaky ladder down which he might now and then descend to earth and a basket and string to let down for supplies were all he needed in addition to his crucifix and other religious necessities.

These aerial caves were occupied in the fourteenth century. Thousands of hermits, judging from the remains of habitations, must at one time or another have sought refuge in these cliffs. Few of them can now be entered, for the ladders have for the most part fallen away.

Seemingly the way a hermit proceeded was to choose a hole that took his fancy. Up to this he ran a ladder. Then, driving poles into the rock before the cave, he built out a little platform. This he roofed in and surrounded with a wall made of sticks or dried grass. From one platform to another these anchorites ran up their ladders until the whole face of the rock was alive with these hermits of St. Anthony.

After the time honored fashion of religious recluses, the cliff dwelling hermits of St. Anthony depended wholly on charity for their sustenance. Far up in their airy caves they spent their days and nights in prayer and contemplation. When hungry or thirsty, they let down their baskets to the ground, and when these were filled they pulled them up again.

The devout people of Kalibaki believed that these hermits were a special charge upon them and kept them well supplied with bread and water. Every morning men, women and children could be seen tramping to the cliffs to fill the baskets that were let down by the strings from above. And so the hermits were able to live their quiet, lazy lives without a single worldly care.—New York World.

## An Opinion of Conkling.

The Rev. H. S. Haweis expresses this uncomplimentary opinion of the late Roscoe Conkling in his book of travels, lately published: "At Bigelow House in New York I dined with Conkling, the crack lawyer, talker and, I should say, characteristic windbag of the period. \*\*\* Conkling seemed to me an insufferably vulgar, loud, clever person—utterly conceited and self centered. \*\*\* Conkling talked through you and over you and all around you and quoted poetry whether you wanted to hear it or not and answered his own riddles and asked questions which he never meant you to answer, being of the nature of Cicero's rhetorical inquiries in the Verrine and Cataline orations. I can recollect nothing that Conkling said—only the abiding flavor of his arrogance and conceit."

## Drithel.

A drink called drithel is popular in the north of England. The cotton hands of Manchester and the factory workers get through nearly 10,000,000 pints of this stuff every year. It is made from hops, hemlock root, parsley and clove and is one of the most dangerous liquors ever brewed. The northern counties pay about \$75,000 a year for the output of drithel.

## NOTICE OF PROBATE OF WILL.

The State of Nebraska, Red Willow County, ss. To all persons interested in the Estate of Lavinia Dillon, deceased: Whereas Charles W. Beck of said county has filed in my office an instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Lavinia Dillon, deceased, late of said county, and a petition praying to have the same admitted to Probate and for letters testamentary, which I will relate to personal estate, Whereupon I have appointed Wednesday, the 11th day of August, 1897, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at my office in said county, as the time and place of proving said Will, at which time and place you and all concerned may appear and contest the Probate of the same.

It is further ordered that said Petitioner give notice to all persons interested in said Estate of the pendency of the petition, and the time and place set for hearing the same, by causing a copy of this order to be published in THE MCCOOK TRIBUNE, a newspaper published in McCook, in said State, for three weeks successively previous to the day set for hearing.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and official seal this 21st day of July, 1897. ISAAC M. SMITH, County Judge. [SEAL.] [COPY.]

## NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at McCook, Nebraska, July 20th, 1897. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register or Receiver at McCook, Nebraska, on Saturday, August 28th, 1897, viz: Hilbert E. Waugh, who made H. E. 10,243 for the S.W. 1/4 N.E. 1/4 and W. 1/4 S.E. 1/4 S.E. 1/4 section 25, township 1, north of range 27, W. 6th P. M. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Francis M. Pennington, Leroy F. Nichols, Daniel F. Hupp and Frederick S. Soovers, all of Lebanon, Nebraska. A. S. CAMPBELL, Register.

## NOTICE TO LAND OWNERS.

ROAD NO. 315. To Elma Johnson, H. G. Rogers, Edgar Floyd Jones, M. C. Stephens, Sophia B. Brown and George Rudkin and to all whom it may concern: The Commissioner appointed to locate a road commencing at a point (80) rods east of the northeast corner of the southeast quarter of section (10), town (1), range (26), in Lebanon precinct, Red Willow county, Nebraska, running thence north on said quarter section line to town line between towns one (1) and two (2), thence east on town line and terminating at northeast corner of section two (2), town one (1), range twenty-six (26), west of 6th P. M., has reported in favor of the location thereof, and all objections thereto or claims for damages must be filed in the county clerk's office on or before noon of the 9th day of October, A. D. 1897, or said road will be established without reference thereto. 23-4. R. A. GREEN, County Clerk.

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